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# When the Children Cry

**lomglosttwins**

26 2 6

## Chapter 1 by Mason Lee

Luna awoke in the early morning hours, drenched in cold sweat. She had a nightmare, but now couldn't remember anything of the dream that had chilled her to the bone. She was on high alert and very awake now, and with nothing else to do and no chance of returning to sleep, she absorbed her surroundings.

She was lying on the forest floor, warm inside a thermal sleeping bag that used to be black but was now camouflaged with mud and leaves and twigs. She could scarcely remember the time she had stolen it. It seemed the only thing she was thinking about then was living. Her sister Mason laid beside her in a formerly rich and deep sapphire blue bag similar to hers. Having just woken, Luna found herself startled by the sleeping face of her twin next to her. It had only been a year since the orphans met and learned of their familial connection, but in that year everything changed.

Looking at them, you would have never known they were twins. Luna's tannish skin color resembled an Asian's, and her chestnut brown hair was cut unevenly, long in the front, boy-short in the back. These contrasted to Mason's fair skin and naturally dirty blonde hair, cut short in the front and long in the back. The only outward similarity between the two were the

blue eyes that shone through the dark shadows of the forest, reflecting the light from the rising sun.

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Chapter 2 by lomglosttwins



Waking her sister Luna thought they could get an early start. Break camp and be gone by daylight. On their way to who knows, she thought, but not wanting to upset Mason, she said aloud, to the place of the Nobay, to find out if they could tell her if they had any living relatives. After all they were the only one who might have a record, of the orphans parents and who they were in the old places they once lived, or maybe, lived.

### Chapter 3 by tiltedgypz



It would be a long trip neemana, where the Nobay hold council for many, settling issues for all the new people from the Emosk tribes of the moons surrounding four planets that had melted, what with so many refugees to account for and the language barriers slowing the process down dramatically. There were not enough interpreters for so many fleeing the meltdown, Luna was glad she understood so many different languages, but wondered how she ever learned them all. All she knew was that when she heard someone speaking, she could understand what they were saying, or not saying. She heard Mason praying in an unfamiliar tongue but hadn't really listened closely enough to hear the region or the accent plates that they usually manner after.

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